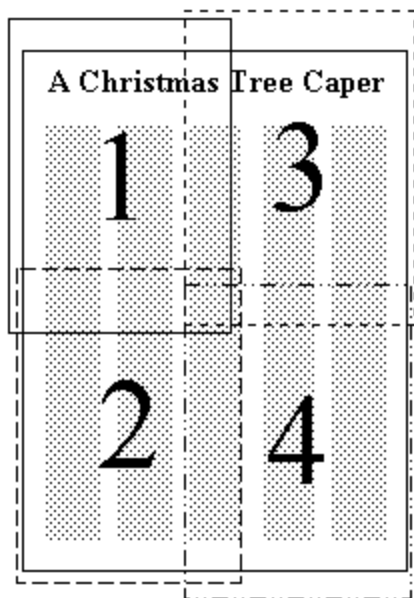
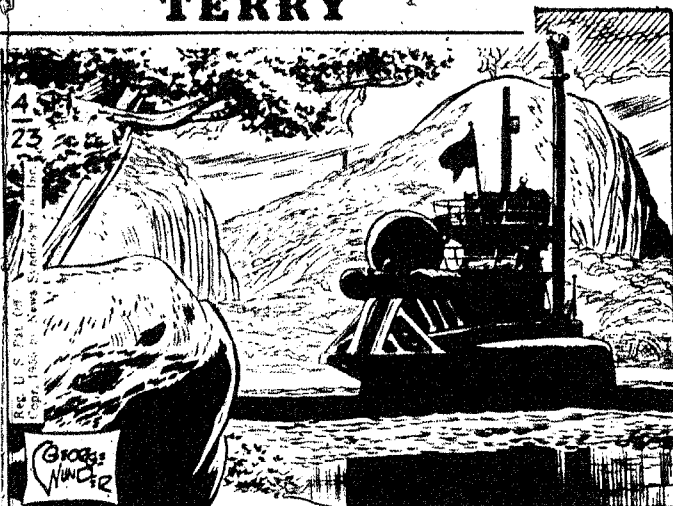


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY



INTERESTING, INDEED! THE FISHERMEN'S STRANGE CRAFT IS A LATE TYPE RUSSIAN SUBMARINE... BUT WAIT! THERE IS SOME STRANGE GEAR ON HER AFTERDECK...



Let Me Help You

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

I STUFFED my trouser cuffs into my boots. "It's all very transparent," I said. "I have a logical mind and I can see right through it."

My mother looked up from the magazine she'd been reading. "Did you say your mind is transparent, dear?"

"Here we have me," I said. "Peter O'Neill, just returned to the home town after four years in the big city, and outside on the sidewalk we have one foot of snow that must be shoveled."

My father filled his pipe from the humidor. "Believe me, son," he said. "We haven't been saving it all this time. It fell last night."

I zipped up my boots. "And also outside, what do we have? We have Julia Cameron, the girl from next door, manfully wielding a shovel."

"I do believe you're about to come to some point," my father said.

SHE HAD TWO BROTHERS WHO COULD DO JOB

"Ha," I said. "This is all so clear. Why should she be shoveling snow when she has two big brothers who could do the job? The answer is obvious. I'm supposed to notice how hard she's working, and being a gentleman, rush out and do it for her."

"Devious clever of the woman," father said.

I waved my finger to emphasize the point. "But beyond that obvious scheme lies something more sinister. She is of marriageable age and she wants to attract my attention. I remember distinctly the way she used to look at me, and she was only 15 then."

I flipped up my collar and put on my mittens. "I am now going out and nip this thing in the bud."

Julia smiled slowly. "You're going to shovel your walk now?"

"Certainly," I said. "And naturally you'll be doing yours at the same time. We can pause now and then and wave to each other."

"How delightful," Julia said. "But I'm shoveling only up to our sidewalk. Then I'll quit and watch you do yours."

I began shoveling and every time I looked her way, she smiled encouragingly. I finished in about 20 minutes.

"That was thrilling," she said. I acknowledged the compliment with a nod of my head, smiled at her unshoveled walk, and went back into my parents' house.

I hung my clothes and sat in an easy chair with a satisfied smile on my face. "Yours is the only walk in the block that's clear," I said. "Julia didn't touch hers."

"Son," my father said. "Did you get a good look at her? I think maybe that storm coat she's wearing covered up the change that four years can make."

"Immaterial," I said. "Don't forget I've been to the big city and seen everything."

I stretched my legs. "In about 15 minutes I'm going to wander over to the Camerons and see how the boys are. Also to study the abashed expression on Julia's face."

"That's nice," my mother said. "I'm sure Albert will appreciate a visit. He broke his ankle while he was skiing last week."

"Oh?"

"You won't be able to see Ed-die," father said. "He joined the army while you were gone and he's in Europe now."

cleared our side of the street and in the process covered up almost all of the walk I'd just shoveled with a heavy layer of snow.

When I turned to scowl at my father, he still had his face buried behind the newspaper. "Son," he said. "Around here we don't shovel our walks until Sam Morgan has finished his plowing job. Somehow it slipped my mind, or I would have told you."

I took a deep breath and stalked to the closet for my clothes. Outside, I began shoveling the heavy sticky clods of snow.

Julia came out of her house carrying a shovel. I glowered at her.

"Let me help you with a little advice," she said sweetly. "Don't put so much snow on the shovel at one time."

"Thanks a heap."

SHE SAID THEY WAITED FOR THE SNOW PLOW

"Around here," Julia said. "We don't shovel our walks, at least those next to the street, until the snow plow has passed."

I tore into the rest of the snow and when I finished, it took me considerable effort to straighten up.

Julia was shoveling slowly and easily and she had about half of her walk done.

I staggered over to where she was working and helped her. We shoveled silently until the job was finished.

"Would you care to come in for a cup of cocoa?" Julia asked.

I nodded my head wearily. We found her brother Al seated before the fireplace, his ankle in a cast and resting it on a hassock. He came out of his convalescent gloom when he saw me. "Draw something up and have a seat. You look bushed."

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By CHAF WEEKLY

Q. 1—As S K 9 3 ♥ 2

The bidding North East

1 heart Pass 2 spades Pass 4 clubs Pass

What do yo

Q. 2—As S ♠ 2 ♥ 6 3 ♦

The bidding East South

Pass Pass

What is yo

Q. 3—Both South you h

♠ Q 10 7 6 5 2

The biddin North East

1 club 1 heart Pass

What do yo

Q. 4—Both

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I flipped up my collar and put on my mittens. "I am now going out and nip this thing in the bud."

I picked up the shovel on the porch and plodded my way through the drifts.

Julia had started shoveling from her front door and had cleared a path almost to the sidewalk. "Why, Peter," she said, stopping work, "I didn't know you had come back!"

"Of course not," I said. I leaned on my shovel and smiled. "Hard work, isn't it?"

Her breath made a vapor in the air. "It certainly is."

"Let me help you," I said.

"Well . . ."

"With some advice. Don't try to scoop up so much snow at one time. About half a shovel is just right. It may take you longer, but it's less fatiguing."

She tilted her head slightly as she studied me.

I hefted my shovel. "Well, I'd better get busy clearing our walk."

with a nod of my head, smiled at her unshoveled walk, and went back into my parents' house.

I hung my clothes and sat in an easy chair with a satisfied smile on my face. "Yours is the only walk in the block that's clear," I said. "Julia didn't touch hers."

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"Oh?"

"You won't be able to see Eddie," father said. "He joined the army while you were gone and he's in Europe now."

I stopped twiddling my thumbs. "Still," I said. "There's Mr. Curran. He could have shoveled the snow."

"He's over in Glens Falls for the Moose Convention," my father said. "Won't be back for a couple of days."

I exhaled a great amount of air. "Why didn't one of you two tell me this before?"

"You came from the big city, son," my father said, keeping his face behind the newspaper. "We figured you knew everything."

I sat there in the extreme quiet thinking heavily. Once I caught my father and mother grinning at each other.

About 15 minutes later I heard the sound of a motor outside and I stiffened as I recognized what kind of a machine made that noise.

I went to the window and watched the snowplow as it

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We found her brother Al seated before the fireplace, his ankle in a cast and resting it on a hassock.

He came out of his convalescent gloom when he saw me. "Draw something up and have a seat. You look bushed."

"I've been shoveling snow," I said daskly. "Some of which belongs to you."

Al grinned. "I'll bet you felt sorry for her. She can look pretty helpless when she sets her mind to it."

"Al," Julia said quickly. "Tell Peter all about how you broke your ankle."

"I fell." Al leaned back in his chair. "Of course, Pete, you realize that getting you to help her with the snow was only the first step in a well-planned campaign."

"Cookies, anyone?" Julia asked. "Put something in your mouth, Al. It may help you to keep quiet."

"Ah, ha," I said. "A trap. I knew it." I stared at Julia. She had her coat off now and I noticed that four years did indeed make a difference. "Ah, ha," I said again, slower, with a different accent and for a different reason.

"If I had any strength left and



By CHARLES F WEEKLY BRI

Q. 1—As South y
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 The bidding has

North	East	South
1 heart	Pass	2 cl
2 spades	Pass	3 di
4 clubs	Pass	?

What do you bid

Q. 2—As South y
 ♠2 ♥6 3 ♦K Q J
 The bidding has

East	South	West
Pass	Pass	Pass

What is your res

Q. 3—Both vuln
 South you hold:
 ♠Q 10 7 6 5 2 ♦A

North	East	South
1 club	1 heart	1 s
Pass	Pass	?

What do you bid

Q. 4—Both vuln
 South you hold:
 ♠K 10 9 2 ♥A K Q

South	West	North
1 diamond	2 clubs	2 d

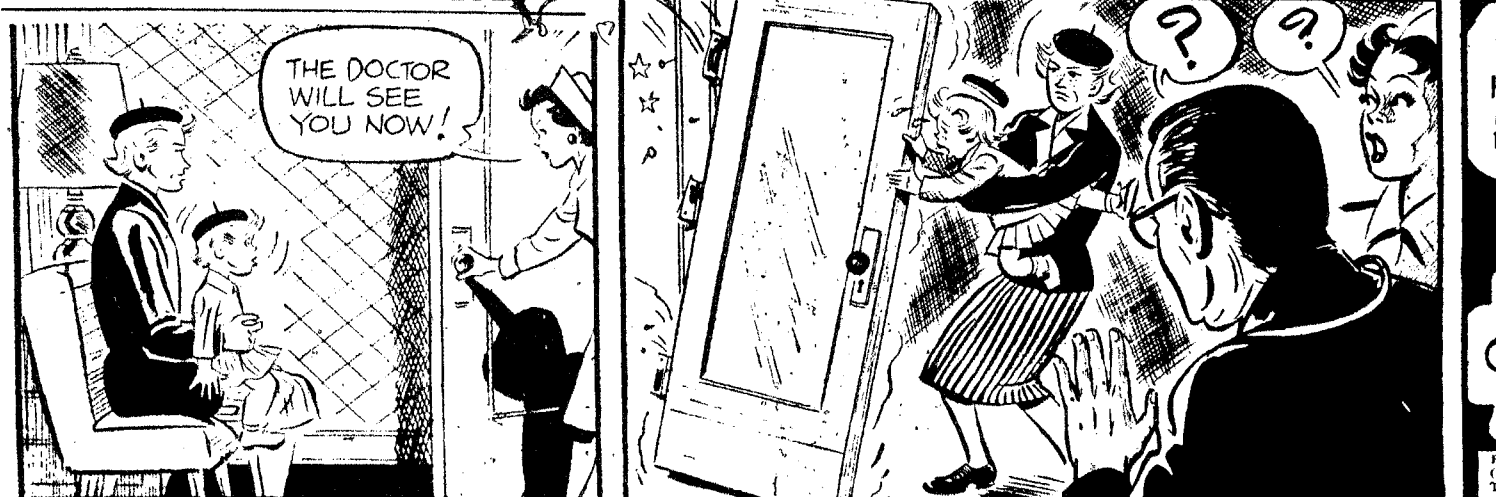
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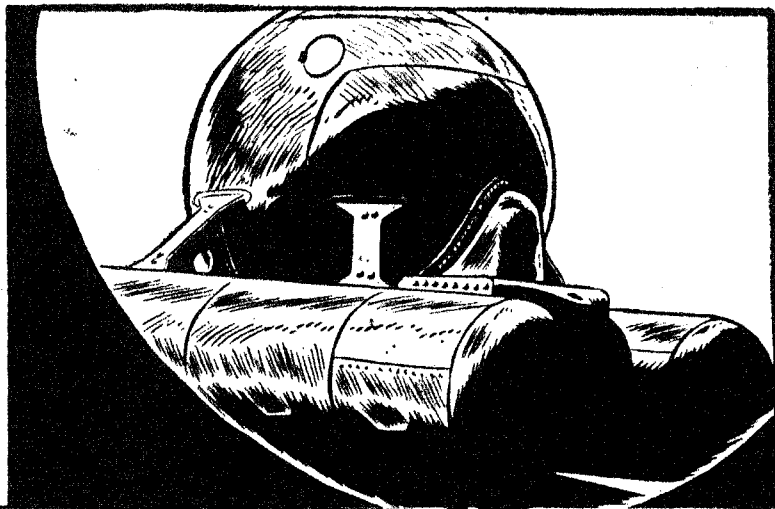
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BRENDA STARR



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"I've been shoveling snow," I said darkly. "Some of which be-

wasn't so cold I'd go home right now," I said.

"All right," Julia said, her chin high. "You cleared your sidewalk, now go and lie on it."

"On the other hand," I said and my eyes met Julia's. "I'm kind of glad that I'm out of strength."

Julia and I sat there smiling at each other until Al reached for his crutch and pulled himself to his feet. "Well," he said sadly. "I thought we might have some man-talk, but it doesn't look like it now."

He made his way to the kitchen door and turned. "Do you two think you can manage to entertain each other while I'm gone?"

Julia and I didn't have the slightest trouble.

THE END

GOREN on Bridge

By CHARLES H. GOREN
WEEKLY BRIDGE QUIZ

Q. 1—As South you hold:
♠K 9 3 ♥2 ♦K Q 7 2 ♣A 9 7 5 3

The bidding has proceeded:

North	East	South	West
1 heart	Pass	2 clubs	Pass
2 spades	Pass	3 diamonds	Pass
4 clubs	Pass	?	?

What do you bid now?

Q. 2—As South you hold:
♠2 ♥6 3 ♦K Q J 6 5 4 2 ♣9 6 3

The bidding has proceeded:

East	South	West	North
Pass	Pass	Pass	1 no trump

What is your response?

Q. 3—Both vulnerable and as South you hold:

♠K 10 7 6 5 2 ♦A K 9 8 3 ♣10 2

The bidding has proceeded:

North	East	South	West
1 club	1 heart	1 spade	4 hearts
Pass	Pass	?	?

What do you bid now?

Q. 4—Both vulnerable and as

Sickly Child Very Likely Fearful One

By GLADYS BEVANS

Adults have many fears. One of the best books I know of on the subject is "Understanding Fear in Yourself and Others," by Bonaro Overstreet, published by Harper & Bros., New York, N. Y., price \$3.

Our fears will not be like our child's; nor what we think our child's fears may be: fear of the dark, fear of burglars, fear of failing in exams, and so on. Our fears are real to us, or we may keep them under the surface; but if we experience fear of failure, fear of illness, fear of the future, and the fear or dread of total war, we consider our fears reasonable and logical, and would expect sympathy and understanding of them from our contemporaries.

Just as Real

Because children's fears are just as real to them as ours are, and as hard to bear, we adults must have on tap sympathy and understanding, patience and tact in order to deal with them wisely.

Even though you may not always succeed in your efforts, it is always easier to deal with a somewhat specific fear than with what we might describe simply as a general state of fearfulness. If a child (or an adult, for that matter) is in a consistently fearful state, when one fear goes, another takes its place.

There is also usually present a fear of the unknown, of any experience or person or place which is unfamiliar. Here you have an intangible thing, one

Reg. U S Pat Off.
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